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ILLUMINATI LADY

by Omar Ravenhurst

THEME 1: With me along the strip of Herbage strown
 That just divides the desert from the sown,
 Where name of Slave and Sultan is forgot --
 And Peace to Mahmud on his golden Throne!

-- The Rubaiyat

THEME 2: "Two birds, united always and known by the same name, cling
to the same tree. One eats the sweet fruit; the other looks on with-
out eating. Seated in the same tree, the individual self moans, be-
wildered by its impotence. But when it beholds the Other -- the Lord
worshipped by all -- and His Glory, it is emancipated from sorrow."

-- The Svetasvatara Upanishad

THEME 3:

In Reality I am one
of Seven Corpses in an Open Tomb
and when She stands on the porch beyond and
plays the Call
we awaken,

file out,

gather at Her feet.

Afterwards, we return to our Tomb
and our Death Sleep --
and therein I dream this dream
of birth in California and all that has come since.

-- THE HONEST BOOK OF TRUTH
Ejaculations, 5:23

Illuminati Lady

PRELUDE 1: Five Leaves Of Grass

1. Nineteen minutes after 2 am
Easter Sunday
1938
Los Angeles
-- I started this:
one of my most controversial incarnations.
2. When I was one year wise
I began
and so far I haven't stopped
talking
back.
3. Alcohol-drinking
authority symbols
find me to this day
disconcerting.
4. Probably
I have some kind
of karmic problem
to work on
out
of.
5. Maybe I was once a drunken dictator.

PRELUDE 2: I am the poet idler waiting
in the afternoon house of the sunshafts
for the infusion
that will deaden my poetic pretension
and enable me to be God, without fuss
or back patting.
I am the poet idler waiting
for the boat to drift into the hidden
reef it set for itself during the great setting up
that came before Time.
I am the poet idler waiting
for the tune trolly of my horoscope.
I am the poet waiter idling
in timeless
nests
of green karmic green karma
working
working
working
EVERYWHERE!

PRELUDE 3: Drinking Tea In The Morning

It is three hours before dawn and yet the cock crows.
The heater hisses and warms me.
I drink sage tea and feel like a Sage.

Hot tea is tasteless, yet men drink it that way.

The True Men of Old -- they drank THEIR tea from the river and it was cool and fresh with the taste of green forests. So much more sense did they have, and yet they did not know it was called wisdom.

The True Sage of Today is like the True Men of Old, and yet he is content to live in another age. For it matters not to him whether his tea is hot and in a cup or cool and in a river. But he is nevertheless discriminating when circumstances permit.

This is called following the Middle Way as well as pursuit of the Great Way or abiding in the Tao and its Attributes.

The True Men of Old, however, did not try to name it and hence they could not lose it.

PRELUDE 4: CAUTION: Reading poems/mayscrew your chromosomes up/. Now: if you want to WRITE them (that's different & you can even read your own stuff to yourself SILENTLY over and over again./but other peoples' poems might fuck into your mind and defile your virgin birthlessness/ unless/you press/ them in the vineyard of your sexuality./Souls caress as bodies do -- only MUCH more intimately./So reading a poem is twice as obscene as sucking a dick or licking a cunt --/ once some body puts the idea in your head.

PRELUDE 5: Do not, however, let this give you any fixed ideas about poems. REAL poems only exist in Pasadena, California, on Tuesday afternoons; THEY went out with Longfellow and those cats back before we infiltrated the profession. Today, the only good poems are fakes, fronts, gimmicks, scams, and See Eye A covers for clandestine operations. The poems of this age are crafted on the rock-solid knowledge that no one much will read them.

Except

people

like

you.

BOOK ONE: Seven Songs

1:

During the universal night
in a well-lighted room
the clockspring uncoils
tickatatime,
faking the passages
of men and the stars.

A floorboard snaps
to salute the fresh silence
of no more radio
tonight.

Grandpa
chews a toothpick tip
behind the newspaper;
and Grandma puts away
her knitting;
and Peace to Mahmud on his golden
Throne!

During the universal night
in a well-lighted room
Young Omar eats liver
smothered in onions
and lets the electricity
unify time
thinking about
how this is Yokohama
sixteen years
from now
and we really did beat the Japs.

Meanwhile,
during the universal night
in a well-lighted room
sits Omar
dusting records
and checking out films
to library patrons
about twenty-seven years
hence.

Seen one universal night
and you've seen them all
over the world and you know
it for the hub
and all else
the spoke in word
indeed.

Hindus call it maya. I call it bullshit.

Darkness,
in any case,
prevails
during the universal night:
delusion
made of ignorance
and born of attachment
to the senses and their objects.

In a well-lighted room
we took Acid
and then waited
wondering
what taking Acid was like.

This
was nearly exactly
twenty-four years
after the bombing of Pearl Harbor.
(God
pointed out
in a mimeographed bulletin
that the planes left Japan
on the anniversary of
the Buddha's Enlightenment.)

Peace to Mahmud.

Up
the
back
of
my
head
it
came,
that electric chill;
and I told them all I was getting high.

This
was perhaps exactly
to the day
four years before
I met Jesus in a dream.

There were
four people in the
well-lighted room
in the universal night
and they were all me.
and I had four names
and was half man and half woman
and a poor devil named Angelo.

Get ready to freak out.

Angelo opened his mouth
and spoke in tongues.

Lady Omar said
from the wilderness
of her first flash: What did you just say?

ANGELO: That the Power Structure is in the mind.

Lord Omar smiled serenely among the electrons.

I was also Anne
(please tell her thanks a lot)
in neon slacks
and that incandescent sweater
asking: What would you like to come back as
this time?

Two birds
united always and known by the same name
clinging to the same
tree of Good/Evil.

Angelo came in
looking so fine
but left looking
like Satan himself.

Reality sizzled.

Things started coming apart. You could see the red
separating from the green. Angie & Anne giggled.

Then somebody said something cool
and everything was back to angelic.

Listen! You could hear the air: A U M

Mahmud
on his golden Throne
farted.
The Power
Structure
is in the
same tree

dripping jewels
of sweet fruit
to the music into which
Lady Omar had incarnated.

But I maintained
my sanity threw out.

During the universal night in a well-lighted tomb
one of Four Cosmic Masks
laughing madly at the show.

In Reality I Am One.

Untouched by pain
and beyond pleasure.
Of Seven Corpses in an Open Tomb
I
no
nothing.

And when She stands on the porch beyond and
plays the Call
we tell her to cool it
or the landlady will call the cops.
In such moments as these
all revolutions are born,
during the universal night wherein
absolute elsewhere lurks, clerks;
so remember
burning lotus fragrance:
the sweet fruit
one eats.
The Other
looks on without eating.
It raises your vibes, that pretty stink.

What would you like to come back as this time?

Four Divine Personas
Ecstatic Laughtering
In The Universal Air

at the end of each trip again
back to this room high on LSD
in the center of the universe

or the hurricane eye of creation.
(Peace to Mahmud on his golden Throne.)

Maya, maya -- all is bulletin from
God: I AM WHO AM (but be careful).
Care full. For out of suffering
comes redemption and understanding.
And without wisdom ye shall no wise enter in.

Blessed are the oppressed
for they shall achieve liberation
and verily I say unto you:
the revolution is
within you.

So act.
Now.
And Win The Universe.
And throw Pickering's Moon into reverse.
Unfold Order out of flaws!
Bring Peace! Repeal Laws!

Organ Eyes

to smash the State!

Bring in Love. Outlaw Hate.

Burn flags, not men. Put the pigs in a pen.

Marat Lives! Don't eat grapes! Burn the Wall Street tickertapes!

Free Huey! End the draft! Write slogans! WHO JUST LAUGHED? Take him out and have him shot! Give the Movement all you've got! Everything depends on us and our correct analysis of the class situation in relation to the people in their tribulation and in order to undercut inflation we are going to rule this nation for a period of duration not to exceed our consternation.

HUNG MUNG SAY: "There is no enemy present anywhere!"

Four Divine Personas

Ecstatic Laughtering

In The Universal Hub

He came in looking so fine

with his transparent skin and his holy eyes:

Angel O!

MMMMMM!

EYE GOD!

And I say eye saw

Saint Annie and eye please
told her thanks a lot.

For my chakras were burning
and my intellect was All in a not:
eye didn't even have the strain
to separate cold from hot.

Anne

my best friend, my wife

of my life, Lady Omar, wouldn't even say where it was that she got
those six arms,

that halo,

and the diamonds rolling down her cheeks.

Rolling down

the weeks that fill each minute

the molecule of human consciousness must at last
reintegrate.

You come down. But you are never the same. You want to go live in the Great Silence. Away from the city. You decide you don't ever want to fuck with Acid again, though you are happy you did -- once. But you know this will be difficult, because LSD is obviously going to spread out until someday it has you surrounded. Or some shithead will put it in the water supply. So you decide maybe you'll get a boat and go live on the sea.

Lord and Lady Omar set sail. They roam from port to port. They lead a full, quiet life and perish in a storm in the Pacific in 2001.

And where do the Dark Wings of Death carry them?

(Tune in to find out.)

back to this room high on LSD
in the center of the universe
at the end of each trip again

I turn my wheel of illusion
to birds, united always and known by the same
name, cling to the same strip of Herbage strown
that just divides the desert from an Open Tomb
where Four Comic Faces

come in looking so fine
laughing madly at the show
during the universal night
in a well-lighted room
where the clock marks time
while Eternity glistens

when it beholds the Other
the Lord worshipped by all
and His Glory

it is emancipated from sorrow.

And Peace to Mahmud on his golden Throne!
(We made it through another wierd side trip.)

WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME BACK AS THIS TIME?

Two birds
united always and known by the same name
clinging to the same
book of Green Stamps.
Because each silence
told us it was these
S&H Green Stamps and all the silly little good
they had meant to us
a couple of hours ago

that we were expected to renounce.

And go follow Angelo in the jingle-jangle mourning
of the ringing phone he answered just then to hear
about some guy who had just had an ego death. What
did I just say? I don't know, I wasn't listening.

Lord Omar wanted to know
if that was good or bad and
Angelo told him it was good
if you were ready for it.
(The Green Stamps were in a pouch on the side
of Cara's purse and we both kept and eye on them.)
And you could make
enough to stay alive
selling Acid.

(The problem was how to get down out of here back
into the world where the Green Stamps still meant
something without putting anyone on a bummer.)

And if you think
you're high now you ought
to come out to the kitchen and we'll drop another cap.

(Of course "bummer" was not even a word then to us
 nor do we recall anyone going revolution in 1965
 with slogans like "Free Huey" -- but the past is
 seen from the eye of the present through the prism
 of all that has happened in between: never forget
 that, but meanwhile why fake it? Just do it easy.)
 THE BOTTOM IS FALLING OUT OF THE CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE!
 But come out in the kitchen and we'll drop another cap.
 (We both kept keeping an I on the Green Stamps.)
 But you can make it BIG selling Acid Peace to Mahmud.
 (The etiquette of High Hip:
 Before I opt for a life of crime I want to think on it

d	Compassion!		
o	Compassion!	Compassion!	Up.
w	Get your hot	Compassion!	Right
n		Compassion!	Step
)			

There	I	It	
is	turn	was	
no	my	Jesus	
enemy	wheel	who	
present	of	said:	So be cool, baby!
anywhere	birth	Ye	
except	and	are	
perhaps	death	all	
within	in	Gods.	
you.	peace.	To the very last sonofabitch of you.	

WE HAVE GO TO GET IT TOGETHER, MAN:

CAN'T YOU SEE?

THE BOTTOM IS FALLING

out of the center

O
f

Verse One of Chapter Thirteen

T I
h N
e U

of Corinthians One:

If I speak with
 the tongues of
 men and of angels, but
 have not love, I am become
 sounding brass
 or a clanging cymbal.
 WELL COME TO THE
 HINDU ESCAPE COLUMN
 AND BE GENTLE WHEN
 THE BUDDHA TURNS ON
 AT KAMAKURA WHERE
 THE WARM WIND BLOWS
 DURING THE UNIVERSAL
 NIGHT THROUGH A WELL-LIGHTED
 ROOM WITH SLIDING PAPER DOORS
 O P E N .

(Turn on to find out.)

Extinguish
the flame of desire
and bliss beyond imagining will
obliterate you.

(After completion of this exercise, put
the ashes in a manila envelope and mail
them in to your Instructor; your next
lesson, "The Nine Secrets Of Mind Poisoning
At A Distance," cannot be sent until you
successfully execute this koan.)

FIRST SAGE: Ignorance is the cause of all evil.

SECOND SAGE: All ignorance springs from innocence.

THIRD SAGE: This is also true. Pass the soy sause.

FOURTH SAGE: Innocence is thereby the true cause
of all evil.

(The FIFTH SAGE did not speak. And in Zen literature
the title of Sakyamuni is frequently applied to the
Buddha. For Sakyamuni means Silent Sage. But this
FIFTH SAGE was not Sakyamuni Buddha. He was Hung
Mung, Chaoist Sage and True Man of Old, who happened
to have his mouth full of macrobiotic rice when the
discussion on Innocence and evil took place. All
genuine wisemen chew their food thoroughly before
swallowing -- especially if it is brown rice and
particularly if this brown rice has not been cooked.)

INNOCENCE IS THEREBY THE TRUE CAUSE OF ALL EVIL!

Think about it.

Sakyamuni Buddha said
(which is, in itself, a laugh)
that this world is a burning house
and he who tries to make himself at home in it
is as bound to end up suffering as
is a man who tries to bed down in
a house on fire.

This is another way of saying that
ONLY THE ENEMY HAS ALL THE ANSWERS
and there is no enemy present anywhere
except for the Ancient Illuminated Sages of Bavaria
and they know all answers to all mysteries
because they have mastered the sinister
art of nonexistence.

There are many strange secrets here,
for whosoever touches this book
touches a correspondence course.

No Venerable Old Sage awaited us ashore. Just a pimp.

And he stood by the gate
that divided the dock area
from the whole rest of the world.
But it all looked like San Pedro to me, babe,
so heavy and grey and afternoon
besides: Shoe Box City and
it brings one down about
ashes
ashes
all fall down
into the kinds of prisons
we build ourselves in the search for
MAXIMUM SECURITY is just around the
coroner
Thing.
Dig?

But not hopeless
when your mind is minkeybusy
cracking the shells of mystery around the twin promises of
J
A:
P: orgasm & satori
A
N

And pimping was just a front
and not the nitty-gritty of Pete's Tao,
for he was also a taxicab driver (shudder):
GGGGGGGGGGRRRRHHHRRRRRRRRUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUAAMMMMMMM.
I looked at Willy & Willy looked at Bud & Bud looked at me.
SSSSSSSSSSSCCCCCCRRRHHRRRRRREEEEEEEECCOCCCCCCCCCCCOOOCH.
(That was no stoplight; it was a corner.)
HOONnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnNNK! GGGGCGGGGGGGGGGG
(That was a stoplight; these Japs do everything backwards.)
GGGGGGGGGGGRRRRHHHRRRRRRRUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUAAMMMMMM.
Mr. Toad had nothing on this kid.
Willy glanced out and decided Japan looked like Tijuana.
Bud lit a cigarette.

BAR MILLION DOLLAR
100 Cherry Girls

(Years later I was to see Pete again in the newspaper; the Illuminati had sent him to Vietnam to impersonate a high-ranking politico named Ky, when the original was snatched up by the Jelly people as part of an ad scam.)

SSSSSSSSSSCCCCRRRRRRR.RRECCCCCCCCCCHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!

And
just around that corner
was
BAR MILLION DOLLAR.

in rust-tinged sequinks
getting bree-e-ezed

in a side alley
over and under-
sized doorways w/s OF *

	t	.	
Only	r b	.	
five of	i a	.	
the 100 Cherry	n m	.	
Girls were on	g b b	.	duty at any one time
and they were	s o e	.	
	o e	.	always the same five
except when one	e	.	
was out sick	e	.	
	ads.	.	

The reason for this was

The Law of Fives:
EVERYTHING HAPPENS IN FIVES, ALWAYS!!!!!!

The proof is at
hand having five
fingers, foot having
five (1-2-3-4-5-!)
thumbs, and all that.
Not to mention virtually
Everything Else,
(live the five planets.)

(Note: Which some of you
more orthodox lap dogs of the Establishment
will have trouble digging, since you don't real-eyes
that Mercury is not a planet
but (being too litty-bitty)
only a moon orbiting the Sun
and Jupiter is much too big
to weigh interplanetary and
as for ole Saturn: Who EVER
heard of a PLANET with RINGS around it!?!?!?!?!?

The Earth of course is
F-I-L-A-T.

As ANY damn fool with an IQ of over .5 can see,
providing he hasn't had a bunch of crap pumped
into him by the Sex Education People
and their behind-the-scenes bosses:

The Ancient Illuminated Seers of Bavaria
(who reap huge insurance profits from deluding merchant
shippers into sailing off
the edge). That leaves five.)

HOLY SMOKE !!!!!

A pantomiming
phantom in the air,
it seems to be impermanent.

But who isn't?

A young Japanese boy
saw it curl off into oblivion and read the biography
of the world
in a Buddhist temple
one evening.

Whether
whirling from an
incense cone
or bending off
the tip of your joint
or lifting atoms of the Mahatma
into the blue veil of Mother Kali,
it is a movie based on the I Ching.

But who ain't?

The young boy was so impressed
by the general impermanence of
everything that when he grew up he joined
the Bavarian Illuminati and eventually became
Primus Illuminatus of the Yellow Peril Society,
a tightly-knit cover for the Co-Prosperity Sphere Lodge.
Today he rules the entire Orient
through his position as Chairman of the 9 Unknown Men
who meet every Tuesday afternoon in a Yokohama barroom.
(Cab driving is just a front
and not the nitty-gritty of his Tao,
for he is also a pornographic cameraman (shutter).)

But aren't we all?

In spirit and at times?

And isn't that the riddle we contemplate?

And do we not project erotic images into the Holy Smoke?

Yoku was not pretty by Occidental standards,
nor by Japanese standards, either, but
she had definite sex appeal & drank beer instead of
the colored water most barmaids con you into buying
at a couple-hundred yen a shot.

& she put my hand on her
tit & her hand on my
cock & you know how things go after that.

Only they didn't

because we really did want to go dig Yokohama streetscenes
and besides none of the five girls got off duty till late.

So we became three blond barbarians
strolling through the ginza in golden twilight:
Terry & The Peates at last.

We even saw the Venerable Old Man
surprised to find he didn't speak our language.

The exact smell of dried-out pissed-on bamboo. But inside the shops is burning lotus fragrance. And China Night playing from lacquered music box. The people make much less noise: the city sounds do not often include the human voice.

"Twige Brumenklast," he muttered mysteriously. Willy figured him for probably a jap spy because of his Fu Manchu appearance and we ignored him as he took another puff from his cute little pipe and went up in a big cloud of red dragons.

Festival lanterns over 5th Street. Some sort of h o l d a y .

(What time was it?) Not the custom to keep clocks up on shop walls here.

Y i o o s f k o t t h h h a e e m a l f o a s r A E n a g s e t l . e s

Remember Pearl Harbor if that's your trip but I can't seem to get Hiroshima & Nagasaki off my mind as I dig the little children Smell the holy smoke in a radioactive eruption of red dragons and rising sons of destruction.

The little people made us feel like an illustration out of Swift. Except they didn't have us tied down -- yet.

Did you ever notice how Japanese babies never cry? Modern dress was the rule except for all kinds of footwear: shower sandals, tennis shoes, white shoes, straw slippers, Black shoes, high heels, etc.

Most of the traffic was all taxicabs. The streets were not safe for decent people with slow reactions. HONK!

Oriental ideograms The pace here is fast and nervous. in neon. With old houseboats in the river.

There are some Stateside bitches, officers' wives, cackling loudly.

What do you know? We really did beat the Japs!

(WHAT SECRET POWER DID THESE MEN POSSESS?)

A Afterwards, we return to our tomb and our Death Sleep -- and therein I dream this dream.

Today Japan is brought to you by the makers of Disneyland: blue, orange, green, red, yellow, black, gold, purple, pink, silver, white and holy.

With me along the strip of Herbage strown where name of Atom is forgot...

let's fuck, bitch.

3:

God is Good.
God is Great.
There is no other power but God.

Seven days divide the week
in which He created and rested
and seven planets roam His sky
and within Adam Kadman seven
candles burn in seven Asian temples
and there are seven seas.

Seventy times seven did the
Laughing Buddha Jesus say
to forgive he who is not present
anywhere and in threes and fives
and sevens Zenfreaks count the
Dharmas in the flowers of Mind.

And so the Seventh Prophet came
outside scripture
of a special dispensation
in the days when Omar wrote
of passing up out of Earth's Center
(through the Seventh Gate).
And Peace to Khayyam on Saturn's silver Throne!

That pretty sweet stink
raises your vibrations:
Embalmed in honey. HA! Seven Corpses in an Open Tomb.
And seven birds (California dreaming.)
united always
and known by the same
name

cling together in seven trees
bees
coming out of the Dharmas in the flowers thereof to
where name of Slave and Sultan is forgot in Peace.
Cease.

She is Good
He is Great.
There is no other power but God.
And Hassan i Sabbah is Her Prophet.

Time? May Day of the year 1090.
Place? Alamout.
Scene? A hash party.
Excuse? Founding of the Ancient Illuminated Seers
Trip? Power. of Persia.

Now Alamout was no Great Pyramid
but, let's face it, the times of
the Ancient Illuminated Seers of
Egypt were slumbering in Eternity by
now. New Programs were needed to meet new times.

Hassan took a long drag
from the communal hookah
and addressed the Seven: "Man, this is good grass!"

FIRST SAGE: Ye-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-es!

SECOND SAGE: Ss-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-aah!

THIRD SAGE: Huh?

FOURTH SAGE: Oh, wow!!!!!!

FIFTH SAGE: Shut up and pass the hookah, man.

SIXTH SAGE: Absofuckinglute trippy: "The Ancient
Illuminated Seers of Persia." Hassan, baby, you're
far fuckin' out.

SEVENTH SAGE: Lemme see now... Up from Earth's Middle...
Nah. Up from Middle Earth... Naw. Up from Earth's Center,
through the Seventh Gate... Yeah! Up from Earth's Center,
through the Seventh Gate/ I tripped, and on the Throne of
Saturn sate/ And...

FIFTH SAGE: Sate?

SEVENTH SAGE: I get sloppy whn I'm stoned. What the hell?
Give the reader a contact high. Lemme see... Up from
Earth's Center...

What Alamout lacked in Egyptian symmetry
it more than made up in paranoid security,
for it was an abandoned fortress that had been
dug out and built up by the Romans back during the
occupation, and besides that it was in a cool neighborhood.

With me along the strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultan is forgot --
And Peace to Mahmud on his golden Throne!

SEVENTH SAGE: Ss-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-aah!
Man, this is the best Herbage in the entire Universe!
It's better than Kashmir Orange! You really grew it
right on this mountain!? I can't believe it. What a
cool neighborhood!

And so it was
that deep in the caverns
of Alamout the psychedelic revolution began
many years earlier than most modern historians realize.
(Alamout really was in a very, very cool neighborhood!)

Hassan finally said; "I suppose you are wondering why I
called you together."

The Seven Sages laughed.

When
the
last echo
of laughter
had died, the Fifth Sage arose
and shouted:

SOUL SUCK!

Whereupon
he went out
and thumbed a ride
on the next caravan back to China.

Then
looked
the Seventh Sage
up from his notescroll to mumble:
"Now why didn't I think of that?"

Next
was
silence.

The music of Allah.

The laughter that transcends human hearing.

The air of the desert
is empty of smell
(and will raise your vibes
more than any pretty stink).

On the desert
there is nothing to see
but sand and sky.

Nowhere is there
food or water.

It is a place
reaching out
beyond the senses
that breeds madmen
and Prophets.

It will not support
many may flowers, but
three of the great
living religions
bloomed there.

So make of
yourself a
desert and
God will find you.

Whether he comes
as Pillar of Fire,
Whirlwind, Cloud of
Thunder, Gabriel with
a Book, or the Living I
AM who was before Abraham

your desert garden
will delight Him.
For She likes to
dwell in places
that are dry &
free of desires
and without many
opinions about It
or too much gloom.

Next
Hassan
snored.

The First Sage
spoke, saying,
"Man, tomorrow
ain't even here yet and I've already

forgotten about it!"

"What," questioned the
Second Sage, "is that weird
little scroll on the table in front of him?"

Hassan snored again.

The sun shone over Alamout
but there was darkness and
questioning within.

"Huh?"

"What?"

"Huh?"

"Oh. I was rapping on that little yellow scroll."

"Where?"

"On the table. Sticking out from under Hassan's beard."

"That's no scroll, you silly shit -- it's a joint."

"Your ass! It has writing on it -- look."

"Aedificat, diruit, mutat quadrata rotundus."

"What kinda talk if that?"

"Latin, idiot."

"Roman soldier must of left it here."

"What's it mean?"

"I donno. Omar? Hey, Omar."

"And many a knot did I untie... Nah. And many a -- huh?"

"Here -- translate it."

"HMMMMMM. Lemme see. 'He builds up; he pulls down; he changes square things into round.'"

"Outasight!"

"Great!"

"Far fucking out!"

"Hey, read the rest of it. Whole buncha shit under that."

"Okay. HMMMMM. I'll be a sonofabitch! It's about me!"

"Get ready for another put on."

"No. Really. It's about some cat named Omar. 'HOW THE GODDESS ERIS REVEALED THE HONEST BOOK OF TRUTH TO GOOD LORD OMAR.'"

"Go on."

"It is Chapter One of THE BOOK OF EXPLANATIONS."

"Bull Shit."

HOW THE GODDESS ERIS REVEALED THE HONEST BOOK OF TRUTH TO GOOD LORD OMAR

1. There came one day to Lord Omar, Bull Goose of Limbo, a Messenger of Our Lady who told him of a Sacred Mound wherein was buried an Honest Book.
2. And the Angel of Eris bade of the Lord: Go ye hence and dig the Truth, that you may come to know it and, knowing it, spread it and, spreading it, wallow in it and, wallowing in it, lie in it and, lying in the Truth, become a Poet of the Word and a Sayer of Sayings -- an Inspiration to all men and a Scribe to the Gods.
3. So Omar went forth to the Sacred Mound, which was to the East of Nullah, and thereupon he worked digging in the sand for five days and five nights, but found no Book.
4. And at the end of five days and five nights of digging, it came to pass that Omar was exhausted. So he put his shovel to one side and bedded himself down on the sand, using as a pillow a Golden Chest he had uncovered on the first day of his labors.
5. Omar slept.
6. On the fifth day of his sleeping, Lord Omar fell into a Trance, and there came to him in the Trance a Dream, and there came to him in the Dream a Messenger of Our Lady who told him of a Sacred Grove wherein was hidden a Golden Chest.
7. And the Angel of Eris bade of the Lord: Go ye hence and lift the Stash, that ye may come to own it and, owning it, share it and, sharing it, love in it and, loving in it, dwell in it and, dwelling in the Stash, become a Poet of the Word and a Sayer of Sayings -- An Inspiration to all men and a Scribe to the Gods.
8. But Omar lamented, saying unto the Angel: What is this shit, man? What care I for the Word and Sayings? What care I for the Inspiration of all men? Wherein does it profit a man to be a Scribe to the Gods when the Scribes of the Government do nothing, yet are paid better wages?
9. And, lo, the Angel waxed in wrath and Omar was smote to the Ground by an Invisible Hand and did not arise for five days and five nights.
10. And it came to pass that on the fifth night he dreamt, and in his Dream he had a Vision, and in his Vision there came unto him a Messenger of Our Lady who entrusted to him a Rigoletto cigar box containing many filing cards, some of them in packs with rubber bands around, and upon these cards were sometimes written verses, while upon others nothing was written.
11. Thereupon the Angel Commanded the Lord: Take ye this Honest Book of Truth to thine bosom and cherish it. Carry it forth into The Land and lay it before Kings of Nations and Collectors of Garbage. Preach from it unto the Righteous, that they may renounce their ways and repent.

Ends Thus Chapter The First Of The Book Of Explanations
Of The Honest Book Of Truth From Omar Via Omar Through
Omar, An Authentic Revelation Of The Great Goddess Eris,
Our Lady Of Discord And The Chick What Done It All!!!!

2.22

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Dr. Rave
nurst is author of AN ART-C
RITIC LOOKS AT VAN GOGH'S E
AR, VAN GOGH'S EAR REVISITE
D, THE VAN GOGH'S EAR NOBOD
Y KNOWS, IN ONE VAN GOGH AN
D OUT THE OTHER, and innume
eeeeerrrrrrrrrrraaaaaaaaab
llllllllllllllllllllllllllle
other works of highly speci
alized art criticism. Curr
ently he is hustling togeth
er ASTROLOGICAL MARXISM FOR
THE PEOPLE for the Moteczum
Muzcatom Mantra Chant at th
e Hindu Religious Festivals in Scandanavia.

Can you make it?
(Like to See you There.)

(Like to See you There.)

(Like to See you There.)

U R EVERYWHERE
 UNIVERSE H
 you are EVERY
 W
 HERE?

O! O! TIME TO IN-CAR-NATE

Glad to meet you!

(Insert 5 minutes: newborn baby crying.)

After having asked the question:
WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME BACK AS THIS TIME?

Two birds? Seven corpses? A dozen apostles??

Peace.

[illegible]

Don't panic, but this is a time collapse.

Just Listen to the Cosmic Christ humming

over in Absolute Elsewhere

and stay cool.

trip5:

Today's date: Boomtime, 64 Discord 3136

Yesterday's date: Sweetmorn, 63 Discord 3136

AN URGENT MESS AGE: Lord Omar Ravenhurst is a rumor. Laughing Christ ministrations are now in the hands of the Rite Reverend Dr. Jordan Fish of the Five Round Fundamentalist Pentacostal Church of the Laughing Buddha Jesus.

Happy Jesus activities will no longer overlap with Bavarian Illuminati and Discordian Society activities much.

Lord Omar's Erisian Sect, the Church Invisible of the Laughing Christ, is hereby offered up to the Lord Goddess as a Love Gift, with tears of bliss. And to function in its place has been disorganized the H

Or the Erisian Liberation Front (ELF) which, under the inspiration of Ho Chi Zen, announces the formation of the Discordian Insurrectional Movement (DIM) which, in turn, hereby launches Operation Mindfuck (OM), in which all Discordian Priests and Illuminati Conspirators are cordially invited to dance.

The Erisian Liberation Front exists for the purpose of ushering in the New Order of the Ages (Creative Disorder) of which The Founder dreamed.

The Discordian Insurrectional Movement is the broad and growing alliance of spaced-out lovefreaks who have dropped out of the Old Order of the Ages (Destructive Stagnation) and yet who dig that Revolution (Rotation) is in fact a co-optive process inevitably (more or less) doomed to reinstate the Old Order under a new flag.

The flag of the Hung Mung Tong Gong is no flag, flying from no pole, in a still breeze. It symbolizes Zenarchy.

Zenarchy upholds warfare without violence, society without government, and Zen without Zen Masters.

Operation Mindfuck is the first of Five Phases through which the DIM shall pass, provided it decides to accept the suggestions of ELF, an elite corps of merry fanatics who wear tie-dye berets, paisley ankle bands, and more or less go along with the thinking of Chairman Lao and Theoretician Chuang and/or who generally accept the leadership of Gong King Ho Chi Zen.

The writing of this poem, Illuminati Lady, will also be continued by Ho Chi Zen.



ALL POWER TO THE VOID!

6: THE SECRET TEACHINGS OF MAHATMA GANDHI

Lord,
Thy
Love for me
I reflect back on
Thee.

Two golden sparrows, together always and called by the same name, are perched in the same glittering tree. One partakes of the rich, sweet fruit; the other watches without eating. Nearby, the individual self moans, bewildered by its own insignificance. Yet when it sees Vishnu in all His Glory, it is liberated from sorrow.

When
Mohandas
Karamchand
Gandhi
was
an
obscure young law student
in London,
he attended meetings
of the Theosophical Society
and sat at the feet of the Lady Herself:
Madame Helena Petrovna Blavatsky,
the famous Russian occultist-anarchist
and favorite disciple of the Grand Primus Illuminatus:
Adam Weishaupt,
the crypto-Jesuit
Ingolstadt Law Professor
who started the Bavarian Illuminati.

Of Madame Blavatsky Gandhi was later to say, "I am not fit to touch the hem of her dress."

Eventually
of course
Gandhi inherited the mantle
of Grand Primus Illuminatus
and placed upon it
his own cherished copy of
the Bhagavad Gita.
Then after kindling
a cheery blaze below,
he sat before the hearth
at his spinning wheel, baby,
and imparted to his five nanny goats,
in the arcane tongue of Gujarati, that innermost
of all the sublime teachings, highest
and most hidden knowledge of the Three Worlds,
the jeweled-lotus Truth sought even by the Devas
and beyond all ordinary understanding entirely.

(Not for nothing is the Hip Ghand so remebered.)

25
His first act
after initiation
into the High Office
involved a journey to Rome,
where he instructed the Pope on some
religious matters and then informed Mussolini on
the role he was to play in the up-and-coming mediahoax to
be remembered in history as World War II.

"Then in the evening there were prayers chanted in the great hall of the villa, with the electric lights turned out, the only light coming from the roaring wood fire in the ornamental fireplace. At such times the great hall had a ghostly air, the statues flickering in the firelight. Somewhere in the room there was a lifesize marble tomb figure lying on the level floor, and some of those who were with Gandhi found themselves gazing distractedly at this reminder of mortality. Gandhi was chanting vigorously from the Bhagavad Gita, at home in a world where mortality never entered and where the Renaissance splendors had no meaning. As he sat there in the firelight, he seemed to have brought India into a palazzo in Rome."

(from The Life and Death of Mahatma Gandhi by Robert Payne, E.P. Dutton & Co., 1969)

It was
also in Rome
that he made one of
the shortest speeches in the history
of politics. To Mussolini's troops he said:
"I am glad to see you are all hale and hearty."

Think about it.

Mussolini
first heard about
World War II directly from
Gandhi, who had already discussed it
with FDR, Churchill, Stalin, Tojo, and Hitler
in a secret meeting at the Yervada Jail.
It was to be the supreme pacifist
publicity stunt of all time,
a "war" that would seem
so horrid and real
that people would
shun the thought
of making wars
for generations thereafter.
Thus softened, they would then
be pushovers for Illuminati control.

(Look around yourself today
and decide whether or not it
worked!)

Actually, it is the dupes who still believe in
WWII that are the greatest tools of Illuminism;
more so than even the sex educators or commysnaps.

Adam Weishaupt once wrote: "Jesus of Nazareth, the Grand Master of our Order, appeared at a time when the world was in the utmost disorder, and among a people who for ages had groaned under the yoke of bondage. He taught them the lessons of reason. To be more effective, he took in the aid of Religion -- of opinions which were current -- and, in A VERY CLEVER MANNER, he combined his secret doctrines with the popular religion, and with the customs which lay to his hand. In these he wrapped up his lessons-- he taught by parables. Never did any prophet lead men so easily and so securely along the road to liberty."

So it was with Gandhiji.
For every day of his life
Bapu either spoke or wrote
openly of his secret doctrines,
revealing them in splendid radiance
to a blind world. We had the eyes
to see and the ears to hear, but in
our darkness we apprehended not the
Light. The Master had expected nothing
else. In fact, it was in order to hide them
that he expounded them at such length,
for he knew the crowds gathered only
to absorb his darshan, and that his
speeches might as well be given in
solemn Sanskrit or Latin, since
they were an essential part of
the ritual, but no more.

"Gandhi talked in riddles, and sometimes he gave the impression of a man who answers one riddle by another." (from The Life and Death of Mahatma Gandhi by Robert Payne, E.P. Dutton & Co., 1969)

"I
seek
my peace
in the storm." -- Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi

"Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given. For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have abundance: but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that which he hath. Therefore I speak to them in parables; because seeing they see not, and hearing they hear not, neither do they understand.... But blessed are your eyes, for they see; and your ears, for they hear. For verily I say unto you, that many prophets and righteous men desired to see the things which ye see, and saw them not; and to hear the things which ye hear, and heard them not," said Laughing Buddha Jesus in Chapter 13 of The Gospel According to Matthew.

The ignorant
think Gandhi
was the leader
of the Indian Revolution
and that his central teaching
was Passive Resistance.

Woe to them -- for they are blind and deaf.

Gandhi
was full of love,
but he hated
the term, "passive."

His central teaching
he called Satyagraha
and it meant Holding
to the Truth

or Truth Force.

Here is an excerpt from the proceedings of the Disorders Inquiry Committee wherein Sir Chimanlal Setalvad questioned the Master on Satyagraha:

SETALVAD: With regard to your Satyagraha doctrine, as far as I am able to understand it, it involves a pursuit of truth?

GANDHI: Yes.

SETALVAD: And in the pursuit of truth to invite suffering on oneself and not to cause violence to anybody else?

GANDHI: Yes.

SETALVAD: That I understand is the main principle underlying?

GANDHI: That is so.

SETALVAD: Now in that doctrine, who is to determine the truth? That individual himself?

GANDHI: Yes, that individual himself.

SETALVAD: So each one that adopts this doctrine has to determine for himself what is the truth that he will pursue?

GANDHI: Most decidedly.

SETALVAD: And in doing that different individuals will take very different views as to what is the truth to be pursued?

GANDHI: Certainly.

"Hitler," he wrote
in a letter to Lord Linlithgow,
"is not a bad man."

"In my youth I regarded Truth as the noblest attribute of God. I said, 'God is Truth, above all.' But two years ago I advanced a step further and said that Truth is God. For even the atheists do not doubt the necessity for the power of truth. In their passion for discovering the truth, the atheists have not hesitated to deny the existence of God, and, from their point of view, they are right," he said in a speech marking the second anniversary of his assumption of Episkoposhood.

"Kings will always use their kingly weapons.

To use force is bred in them."

-- Mohandas K. Gandhi

Ole Ez Pound
wrote Bapu's
lines, even:

"Peasants have never been subdued
by the sword,
and never will be.

They do not know the use of
the sword, and they are not
frightened by the
use of it by others.

That nation is great which rests its head upon death
as a pillow."

But as for the two great hypes
of his career, the Second World
War (so-called) and the plotting
of his own assassination, these were
Gandhi's own, no less than his fasting.

The first
brainchild came
to him in a dream, through
a voice, and an Ouija Board acted
as medium for the other, so
-- between Gandhiji and Hitler --
the unconscious mind entered history
to incarnate here as Siva,
there as Vishnu,
and before long
people were wondering
where had all the flowers gone, but
if you got close to the temples, you
could smell them, rotting like sweet shit.

So it was
that the final
details concerning
his assassination were
resolved the day before in
Delhi's holy Birla Temple under
the wall inscription: "He who is known
as Vishnu the Preserver is verily Rudra the Destroyer,
and He who is Rudra
is Brahma the Creator."

AUM

And Bapuji's sense of humor
was also like that of Brahma,
driving him to always leave
little hints amid the illusion,
like calling the geographical
divisions of the "war" theaters!

The European Theater, the Pacific Theater...

"There is nothing which does not admit of direct or indirect control by the Masters of wisdom. Large social phenomena such as wars, revolutions and epidemics, as well as cosmic phenomena such as earthquakes, floods and other changes, are equally amenable to their control and direction through the release of the forces of the exalted planes on which the Masters are consciously stationed." -- Meher Baba in DISCOURSES, Vol. II

(AUTHOR'S NOTE: It is extremely important to understand that I am not putting you on about all this -- or you will miss the point of your life and have to come down to this material plane and do it all over again.)

The European Theater was located in Universal City, California, just off the freeway (before the freeway was built) and that is where all the newsreels were filmed and where Ike and his buddies spent the entire "war," directing pictures with the co-operation of Universal Studios.

Plastic corpses were used and blank ammunition along with some of the finest German actors (who also played in The Magus), but -- since "returning vets" would be needed after the "war" many American dupes were conscripted by their Communist Government, brainwashed and then drugged and placed on ships that sailed down around the Horn on their "way to Europe," whereas, actually, they landed in Hollywood which the GIs thought was Paris.

Other "vets" were simply bought off with VA loans and GI schooling benefits to spread wild stories about how they had gone overseas and fought in this so-called "war."

Every outward act
of a Perfect Master
illuminates some interior
Truth of his secret
ministry.

That is why
Gandhi drank
warm honey-water
with lemon juice
and decided upon

Universal City as the place to have the "war."

SHANTI

For he taught his nanny goats
that the Kingdom of Heaven was
within them, and this he called
also the New Jerusalem and the

Universal City
where Mahmud
in His Peace
makes stars
twinkle
jingle
songs

I'll come (following

U

O
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I
N
N
G.

2

THE END

of the universal night
in a silent black airplane with long wings.

"If I were to die of a lingering disease, or even from a pimple, then you must shout from the housetops to the whole world that I was a false Mahatma. Then my soul, wherever it might be, will rest in peace. If I die of an illness, you must declare me to be a false or hypocritical Mahatma, even at the risk of people cursing you. And if an explosion takes place, as it did last week, or if someone shot at me and I received his bullet in my bare chest without a sigh and with Rama's name on my lips, only then should you say that I was a true Mahatma," Gandhi said to Manubehn on the eve of his assassination.

Show biz.

"My respect for the Mahatma was deep and deathless."

-- Nathuram Godse

To Judas
Laughing Buddha Jesus
said, "What thou hast to do,
be quick about it."

To them that cannot see
nothing is shown;
to them that cannot hear

I offer silence.

"Jesus Christ," wrote Adam Weishaupt, "established no new Religion; he would only set Religion and Reason to their ancient rights. For this purpose he would unite men in a common bond. He would fit them for this by spreading a just morality, by enlightening the understanding, and by assisting the mind to shake off all prejudices. He would teach men, in the first place, to govern themselves. Rulers would then be needless, and equality and liberty would take place without any revolution, by the natural and gentle operation of reason and expediency. This great Teacher allows himself to explain every part of the Bible in conformity to these purposes. This was a simple Religion, and it was so far inspired; but the minds of his hearers were not fitted for receiving these doctrines. I told you, says he, but you could not bear it."

The Kingdom
is not within your body;
it is within your consciousness, of
which your body is only holding down
one small corner in the cosmic wind.

To reach it
you must ascend inwardly
to YOUR OWN highest conception
of the true or the good or the beautiful and
ENTER IN.

You-nigh-verse-all City
is One by right-use-ness.

A solid wall of delusion
protects it from gross entities
and, while there are many Gates,
each is guarded by an Angel with
a Sword of Fire who will drive
you back if you try to enter by
any Way but your very own Gate.

By imitating the wise
you can become a good impersonator
of sages, but it takes more than an expert actor
to execute the utmost missions of Illuminism.

You must die and be born again.

(The reason the Truth is always so irritating is because it never makes sense.

"Many were called, but few were chosen," Adam Weishaupt noted. "To these elect were entrusted the most important secrets. And even among them there were degrees of information. There was a seventy, and a twelve. All this was in the natural order of things, and according to the habits of the Jews, and indeed of all antiquity. The Jewish Theosophy was a mystery; like the Eleusinian, or the Pythagorean, unfit for the vulgar. So thus the doctrines of Christianity were maintained, like the Vestal Fire. They were kept up, only in hidden societies, who handed them down to posterity."

Gandhi was paraded
to his funeral pyre
on a British weapons carrier.

Think about that awhile.

"I worked for the eradication of untouchability and the caste system based on birth alone. I openly joined anti-caste movements and maintained that all Hindus were of equal status as to rights, social and religious, and should be considered high or low on merit alone and not through the accident of birth in a particular caste or profession. I used publicly to take part in organized anti-caste dinners in which thousands of Hindus, Brahmans, Kshatriyas, Vaishyas, Chamars and Bhangis participated. We broke the caste rules and dined in the company of each other." -- Nathuram Godse

Bapu's first words
on the morning of the last day
of his life were,
"I do not like these signs;
I hope God does not keep me
here very long to witness these things."

Later on, after 8am sometime, Manubehn went off to prepare some cough lozenges, explaining that she thought Gandhiji would be needing them during the night. But Bapu stopped her with these words:
"Who knows what is going to happen before nightfall or even whether I shall be alive? If at night I am still alive, you can easily prepare some then."

At around 11am he said to his secretary,
"Bring me my important papers. I must reply to them today, because I may not be alive tomorrow."

At 5:15pm, when he was shot, he shouted,
"HARE RAMA! HARE RAMA!"

A true Mahatma.

"Examine, read, think on these symbols," Adam Weishaupt urged. "There are many things which one cannot find out without a guide nor even learn. They require study and zeal. Should you in any future period think that you have conceived a clearer notion of them, that you have found a paved road, declare your discoveries to your Superiors; it is thus you improve your mind; they expect this of you; they know the true path -- but will not point it out -- enough if they assist you in every approach to it, and warn you when you recede from it. They have put things in your way to try your powers of leading yourself through the difficult track of discovery. In this process the weak head finds only child's play -- the initiated finds objects of thought which language cannot express...."

"My respect for the Mahatma was deep and deathless. It therefore gave me no pleasure to kill him. Indeed my feelings were like those of Arjuna when he killed Dronacharya, his Guru at whose feet he had learnt the art of war."
-- Nathuram Godse

And Jesus turned to Judas and said, "What thou hast to do, do it quickly."

We humbly request you chant with us the following: HARE KRISHNA, HARE
KRISHNA,
KRISHNA KRISHNA,
HARE
HARE,
HARE
RAMA,
HARE
RAMA,
RAMA
RAMA,
HARE HARE.

Gandhi read from the Bhagavad Gita every day of his Primis Illuminatusship.

Those who live by the Word

shall die by the Word.

By harkening to the Name,
the aspirant becomes initiated.
Saith Nanak:

The saints are always happy.

"I hold him in the highest respect and therefore on January 30, I bowed first, then at point blank range fired three successive shots and killed him."

-- Nathuram Godse

YOU DON'T NEED AN ILLUMINATUS TO KNOW WHICH WAY THE
LIGHT SWITCH IS!!!!

Hare Bol.

As for the Pacific Theater,
you can figure that out for
yourself, certainly, by now.

Nevertheless, I'll give you
some hints to help you along.

Pacific means Peace.

Peace in Sanskrit is Shanti.

The Ocean of Peace, then, was
so named by the Spanish explorer,
Balboa.

Bal or Baal means Lord.

Boa means snake.

So the Ocean of Peace
was discovered by
the Lord of the Snake.

The Lord of the Snake
is the Destroyer Aspect
of God -- called Rudra
or Shankar or Siva, etc.

In Eden
the Destroyer
tempted Eve
in the Snake form
and the Israelites
opposed the worship of Baal.

But
in Gandhi's
religion it is the
Serpent Power coiled at
the base of the spine which,
released upward, opens the chakras,
one by one, and which upon reaching the
Thousand Petaled Lotus In The Center Of The Brain
has sexual intercourse with Siva,
releasing the devotee into the
Sea of Shanti or Ocean of Peace
defined as Absolute Existence,
Absolute Awareness,
Absolute Bliss.

Now,
keeping in mind that
the Japanese attacked
Pearl Harbor in the Ocean of Peace
on the anniversary of Buddha's Enlightenment,
turn everything you have read on this page
inside out
and transverse linear time.

Jesus eyeballed Judas
and said, "For Christsake, man, get
it over with!"

And on the eve
of his assassination
Gandhi had the same
dream that, according
to Hassan i Sabbah, Jesus
had on the eve of His passion.

Of a splendid Woman
whose eyes were as soft as
feather and as deep as Eternity
and whose body was the spectacular
dance of atoms and universes.

Pyrotechnics of pure
energy formed her flowing
hair, and rainbows manifested
and dissolved as she spoke in a warm
and gentle
voice.

"I
have come
to tell you
that
you are free.
Many ages ago
My consciousness left
man, that he might
develop himself.
I return
to find
this development
approaching
completion, but hindered
by fear and by misunderstanding."

Her breath was the smell of burning lotus.

"You have built
for yourselves
psychic suits
of armor, and clad
in them, your vision
is restricted, your
movements are clumsy
and painful, your skin
is bruised,
and your spirit is broiled in the sun."

Between Her legs was a White Horse Star.

92
"I am chaos.
I am the substance
from which your artists
and scientists build rhythms.
I am the spirit with which
your children and clowns
laugh in happy anarchy.
I am chaos.

I am alive,
and I tell you that
you are free."

She closed Her eyes and darkness fell.

Do You believe that?

(Neither do i.)

"As long as you
derive inner help
and comfort
from anything
you should keep it.
If you were to give it up
in a mood of self-sacrifice
or out of a stern sense of duty,
you would continue
to want it
back,
and
that unsatisfied want
would make trouble for you.
Only give up
a thing
when
you want some other condition
so much
that the thing
no longer has
any attraction for you,
or when it seems to interfere
with that which
is more greatly
desired."

-- Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi

And Peace indeed to Mahmud.

And to Brother Malcolm, too.

Don't give up your beliefs and unbeliefs too easily.
But be prepared to someday give them all up entirely.

Meanwhile -- ACT!

"In the accounts of the betrayal, there is implication that Jesus had discussed Judas' role with him. Jesus announces that He is to be betrayed and describes the fate of the betrayer. Judas asks, 'Surely it is not me, rabbi?' Jesus answers, 'Is it not?' This suggests that Judas had been instructed, had not fully comprehended the implication in what he was to do, faltered when it came to him, and would have faltered when Jesus handed him the sop, save for Jesus' command: 'Be quick with what you have to do.'"

(from The Shining Stranger by Preston Harold, Wayfarer Press, 1967)

His respect for the Mahatma was deep
and deathless.

Twin
birds
forever
unified
cling to an identical branch
of the Tree of Knowledge;
one pecks at the lush apples
and the other just watches.

Elsewhere in the same Tree
the individual self moans:
H A R E R A M A !

The speech Nathuram Godse made at his trial, from which I have quoted on these pages, was banned in India by the Congress Party Government, acting on orders which came directly from Joseph McCarthy, the new Primus

Illuminatus!

Seven
corpses slumber
in purple dreams of Atlantis
during the age-long night of Egypt
until Mother Kali
blows Her horn.

Turn on.
Tune in.
Drop out.

(This is Lord Omar, interrupting this poem to tell you I am alive, and
Huey is free.)

It all has to do with Reincarnation.
And Karma.

You are judged -- or, in another sense, you judge yourself in the full blaze of the Karmic Mirror, utterly overwhelmed (as was Arjuna by the Universal Form of Krishna) -- according to a strict mathematical measurement of the gap between your own ideals, whatever they might be, and your behavior (including your thinking), whatever it might be.

So.

You do not much control, within the span of a single lifetime, the nature of your ideals. These are primarily determined by your past Karma. A young and foolish soul will have weak ideals; an old and wise soul will have strong ideals.

All ideals, like everything else, are part of the Grand Illusion. But, strangely, strong ideals are less illusory than weak ideals. Therefore it is easier, lost as you are in Maya, to live up to weak ideals than to strong ideals.

This is how the spirit-soul gradually increases in self-mastery, in order to overcome the material ditch into which it has fallen. It lives up to whatever ideals it has.

Bapu said Hitler was not a bad man.

From those who are given much, much is expected. But if you've been given little, your yoke is easy. Your Cross is Light. That is why saints are quick to forgive and slow to judge.

Blessed, then, is he who -- having weak ideals -- at least adheres to them. Next time around, his ideals will be less weak.

But woe to whoever -- having weak, easy standards of self-respect -- yet falls away from them. That person will fall ever deeper into the wishy wash, and the Grand Illusion we call reality will seem ever harsher.

Until, hopefully, the harshness of reality combined with the extremely low level of that person's ideals will finally force a closing of the gap between behavior and ideals. That is the kindergarten of the soul.

It is like a problem in physics.

Suffering is the curve in the track back to the Supreme Self.

Nothing exists without purpose.

There is no vanity present anywhere.

"Bullshit," remarked Patamunzo Lingananda, "makes the flowers grow -- and that's beautiful!"

So fret not over who believes in what. Later for that. Figure out only what you believe -- and live it. Or, if you don't believe anything, have the guts to live with your doubt or your negative convictions.

Then you are a true Satyagrahi -- and a saint.

"There seems no doubt," writes Preston Harold in The Shining Stranger, that Jesus could have stopped Judas with a word, but the Son of Man must follow the path outlined by Scriptures: a betrayer was a necessity to fulfill His mission. Judas hanged himself and Jesus bore his cross -- as many who followed after him bore theirs. The disciples had been warned that they would suffer as Jesus must suffer if they dedicated themselves to His mission. They expressed their willingness to suffer death however it might come -- countless men before and after have been so dedicated."

"Preston Harold is a pen-name. Neither Mr. Heard, nor Mr. Barrie, nor anyone else connected with publishing the Harold manuscript knows who or what the author was," asserts a publisher's note in The Shining Stranger.

"I assassinated Gandhi not with any earthly selfish motive but as a sacred duty... Even when I did the act, I knew the consequences. I felt the rough hand of the hangman on my shoulder, the cold loop of his rope around my neck. But that could not swerve me from my mission, nor did I want, or try, to escape the consequences. If my people and associates my motive, I am prepared, rather eager, to die a happy and pleasant death," Nathuram Godse told the judge.

Now let us tend to this popular misconception
of Bapu
as leader of the Indian Revolution.

That Revolution
had two major leaders --

Vinayak Savarkar
and Subhas Chandra Bose.

Savarkar was a terrorist
who plotted the assassinations of British officials
and commanded secret para-military conspiracies
in England as well as India. So well known was his
fierce hatred of Gandhi that he was automatically
arrested immediately after the assassination.
He was one of the co-defendants
in the trial of Nathuram Godse.
Everyone knew he was behind the plot
and nobody was surprised when he was acquitted.
For he understood legal procedure and impressed
the judge with his courtroom decorum.

Bose was a fascist
who made secret trips
to Japan and Germany in a yellow submarine
during the so-called war, and who led the
Indian-named British armed forces detachments
to revolt by radio, from Japanese-occupied Burma.

Gandhi just sat on the sidelines
and moralized about non-violence
because keeping World War II non-violent
had proved more difficult than he expected
and by the time of the Indian Revolution he was fed up.

Actually,
his efforts to keep
even the so-called war
non-violent had not
been entirely successful,
for there had been a few
casualties at Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Not until
that bright morning
when Hiroshima was bombed
of course, did it occur to anyone
that FDR might have neglected, before
dying, to clue Harry S. Truman in
on what a big hype the who thing was.

And of course, after
Hiroshima it was nearly impossible to
even open Harry's mind to the possibility.

A man
does not
like to think
he has just burned up
a whole city full of human beings
without a damned good reason.

So Harry dropped
the bomb on Nagasaki
just to show that he couldn't
be fooled by crank calls
from people pretending to be
Gandhi and Churchill
and Stalin and Joseph McCarthy
(then Illuminatus Rex Mc Carthy).

They realized, then, of course, that
if they went on trying to convince him
he would just bomb all the cities in
Japan -- one right after another, so
Tojo decided to humor him with an
unconditional surrender.

This fucked things up, because --
in the original plan -- Japan was
to make a dramatic last-minute come-back
and conquer the United States. (They even
had their occupation money all printed up.)

So -- if it wasn't for Harry Truman's Missouri
upbringing, and FDR's oversight -- we would all
now be eating brown rice and seaweed, quoting
the Buddha, and telling each other Zen stories.

Quite a mindfucker -- eh?

Now
Does anybody
have any questions?

Q. Was the Indian Revolution really non-violent?

A. It was relatively so.

Q. Relative to what?

A. To the massacres
which immediately followed
the British withdrawal
when Moslems and Hindus
began offing each other
(and one another's kids)
by the community
until three million
had died.

I	"I do not like these signs; I hope God does not keep me here very long to witness these things."		
am			
always	HARE RAM, HARE RAMA	May peace and peace and peace	
with		be everywhere.	
you.	Seven sleeping chakras dream you.	Including Mahmud's Golden Throne.	Two Great Speckled Birds flock together in Eden

among the branches of the knowledge of good and evil, fruits
and nearby sits the Bird of Paradise: may it fly up your nose and make U-2
fly. (knows)

In reality we are all One (of Seven Corpses) in an open Womb.

You can awaken whenever you wish.
But first you must admit to yourself that you are reading this poem in a
s p a c e d o u t d r e a m f i l l m.

You have now mastered the Secret Teachings of Mahatma Gandhi. When you
have prepared yourself further you will receive the Secret Teachings of
Madame Blavatsky. These to be followed by the Secret Teachings of Joe
McCarthy and then the Secret Teachings of Howard Hughes. After that you
should be open-minded enough for the Secret Teachings of Aldous Huxley.
Be leary of the Secret Teachings of Adam Weishaupt. They're a put-on.

God is Infinite.

God is Perfect.

God is All.

EMIGE BLUMENKRAFT!

You grow what you plant.

SUN IN AQUARIUS; MOON IN ECLIPSE: NEWS IS A NUTSH ELLER

According to the I CH AO things were coming to a head: "Do not be confused; no error -- yet!" Which perhaps was why, in New Orleans, Clay Shaw finally got Jim Garrison on the witness stand during a Federal Court hearing. Neither the Jolly Giant, nor all the Giant's men could account for the \$100,000 in contributions and unrepaid loans to the DA's private Assassination Fund. (Garrison said sloppy bookkeeping techniques were to blame.) Meanwhile, over in Algiers, Black Panther Minister Cleaver placed LSD Priest Leary under revolutionary arrest for dangerous drugs as, in Washington, Jack Anderson revealed that J. Edgar Hoover really does sleep with a night light. (Earlier in the hearing, Perry Raymond Russo had taken the Fifth Amendment and this was also bust number five for the former Harvard psychologist.) But in California, Susan Atkins told the court that she had stabbed to death actress Sharon Tate. So Jehovah -- who until now had kept silence (fearing, according to one aide, a contempt citation) -- finally let Los Angeles have it. Property values in Virginia Beach immediately went up 6.6 points on the Richter scale, which President Richard Nixon hailed in support of his new economic program. But an Ann Arbor group calling itself the Tamborine Man Underground issued a communique taking full credit for the disaster and it was established in the hearing that at the time of Mr. Shaw's arrest the DA had no other evidence than Mr. Russo's testimony. Moreover, Charles Manson was not harmed by the jolt while people were dead in two hospitals and one skid-row missoin. Jack Anderson, however, claimed hearing rumors that Hoover had been going to a therapist because of recent dreams of pursuit by men in black with loping gaits and missing left nipples. (Leary was last seen wearing a FEAR ALL POLITICAL PRISONERS button) Under oath, Garrison told of a "strange glass wall" between his office and the whole truth, adding that Miss Atkins did not know why she killed the Hollywood actress but "it must have seemed like a good idea at the time." Anderson went on to say that J. Edgar Hoover no longer puts out his garbage, but refused to speculate on whether or not the Bavarian Illuminati will engineer another escape for the Harvard drop-out. That the earthquake was just the sort of manifestation of karmic justice of which J. Edgar Cayce warned could not be questioned in view of the damage it did to several Southern California freeways. In a word, the counter-culture came apart overnight -- like obsolete scaffolding around the Superior Man -- but the mystery of where the FBI Director now puts his morning garbage remains unsolved. Garrison said he was giving up after one of his aides admitted that the Governor of Louisiana had contributed 10,000 to the prosecution's kitty. The governor was not available for comment. According to his receptionist, "There is no governor present anywhere." Do not be confused! Our policy hereafter will be to report all lunar landings on the sports page.

(Reprinted From The Paranoid Times Of February 10, 1971)

Placement of oil on body. . . third eye region on forehead, throat chakra, nap of neck, heart chakra, and a dab on hands. Polarize candles with oil before rituals. Take care to use the right color candle. All are unnecessary if your mind can be directed without physical aids. Do not turn to the left for destruction rituals must only be by adepts, not by neophytes. The hours of ten to two may be used for mediums while two to four should be used for receiving cosmic transmissions.